Raphael's who he calls, when his senses return to him. There's blood on his hands, and the mess - he doesn't think about the mess. Instead he holds the cellphone with slick fingers and waits for his brother to pick up.

"Michael," Raphael greets within four rings, and he doesn't sound tired or sleep-bogged at all - Michael doesn't know how he does it. (Anything to avoid thinking about what he's done.)

"I need you here," Michael says, and, "It's a mess."

He hears the rustling of papers and wonders if this is it, if this is the time Raphael will refuse him help. If this time he'll be left with a mess and if the family will abandon him and -

"Stay put, I'll be right there."

Michael breathes relief as the call ends, and he gingerly slides the cellphone into his pocket - his whole outfit is a mess, what was he thinking - and he sinks to his haunches, unwilling to sit in the blood but needing a moment to hide himself. He won't leave the scene, and it's probably for the best if he stays right where he is, so he doesn't track shoeprints everywhere -

He wonders (and not for the first time) if Raphael would be able to control him when he gets like this. If Raphael could prevent the mess before it's created. He chides himself for even thinking of it, not after...not after that last time.

It won't matter if it's family or not when he's lost himself like that.

The lights in the laundromat are too bright, and Michael closes his eyes to them while he waits for the detergents to work their magic on his clothes. He thinks of the harsh lights of the interrogation room, and it's his mood that leads him to picture himself in the hot seat, with two of his brothers (Raphael, Zachariah) working him over. Asking him how many he's killed. Asking him for the details.

Nightmares creep up on him while he waits, and he digs his fingernails into his bare thighs. The pain doesn't ward them off, but it does keep him grounded. Focused. The emotions fear stirs up won't cause him to lose control.

A jacket is draped around his shoulders, and he looks up at Raphael in poorly veiled surprise.

"I'm taking you home as soon as this is done."

"Ah," Michael works his jaw, and looks back at his knees, uncomfortably aware of the implications. His work here is over, and someone else will manage his loose ends.

"It's unlike you to be so doubtful," Raphael comments as he sits next to him.

"Was it really so bad?"

"You saw," Michael says.

"You have remarkable skill at managing who is in your range before you let go," Raphael says. "No one in there was someone we would have let live."

"Be quiet, Raphael."

Michael closes his eyes again and he's glad it's Raphael here. He tries to picture Zachariah standing in Raphael's place, or worse: Lucifer. He shivers and pulls the jacket closer to him, not liking what he sees. (Zachariah's disapproving look, Lucifer's sneering amusement...)

He feels fingers in his hair and ducks his head, keenly aware that he still needs a good shower to get rid of all the blood, but Raphael's fingers (they must be Raphael's) hold on, still picking through his hair with a gentle touch.

"Stop. Give me your hand." Raphael orders, something unfamiliar in his tone.

"Why?" Michael asks, looking at him again. "What are you doing?" But he holds out his hand as he asks the questions. He's had a chance to wash them clean, scrub at them until the skin is raw and chafing and red, but there's still the scent of blood, and under the fingernails...he knows how hard it is to completely clean himself, and he knows there's no way he'll ever completely succeed.

It scares him more than it should, and he blames his state of mind here and now.

Raphael turns his hand over, dipping his head to lick a finger, gentle.

"Raphael - ?"

Raphael hums quietly as he licks his way down Michael's index *(trigger)* finger to his palm, and he nips at the web of skin between thumb and finger before licking at the pad of Michael's thumb. He doesn't respond, and Michael doesn't know what - it feels good, it feels too good, almost ticklish, and it's reassuring and he can't say why.

He wants to protest that his hands are still dirty, that it's not right, but - Raphael licks and sucks at his fingers, at the pads of his fingers and Michael can't look away; can't tell him to stop.

"Your other hand," Raphael murmurs, licking a lazy circle around his wrist, done. "Now, Michael."

Michael gives it to him, shivering and wondering if it'd be too obvious for him to put the jacket over his lap. Probably.

Raphael works over his other hand, doesn't even pause. Michael doesn't know what he feels because of it, or why, but -

Raphael finishes with a kiss to one palm and then the other, and then he kisses Michael on the lips, a reassuring gesture.

"I'm going to take you home," he whispers against Michael's lips. "And you're going to learn to trust your family again. You'll lose control again, but it will be on *our* terms."

Yes, Michael thinks, and a weight has left his shoulders. He nods, kisses Raphael back, lets Raphael hug him. Pure relief: "God, yes. Raphael - "

"Ssh," Raphael murmurs. "It's alright now."